water on thy Choller;goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, *I* will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is,at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting; and thou ſhalt wooe her, Cride-game,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,me danck you vor dat;by gar *I* loue you,and *I* ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt;de Earle,de Knight,de Lords,de Gentlemen,my patients.

Hoſt. For the which,*I* will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,'tis good, vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles,*Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. *I* pray you now,good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. *I* moſt fehemently deſire you,you will looke that way.

Simp. *I* will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors *I* am and trempling of minde; *I* ſhall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies *I* am? *I* will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard,when *I* haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule. *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow*: 'Mercie on mee, *I* haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:——When as I ſat in Pa-*

bilon;

bilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow,&

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way Sir *H*

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers,in wh*

Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my m

Shallow, and another Gentleman; from *Frogm*

ſtile,this way.

Euen. Pray you giue me my gowne, or el

your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good m

Sir *Hugh*, keepe a Gamſter from the dice,

Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sten. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you,good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Pleaſe you from his mercy-ſake,all o

Shal. What? the Sword,and the Word?

Doe you ſtudy them both Maſter Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill,in your doublet an

raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons,and cauſes for it?

Page. Wee are come to you,to doe a good o

Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentl

(be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome p

moſt odds with his owne grauity and patienc

you ſaw.

Shal. *I* haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres,and vpwa

heard a man of his place,grauity, and learning

his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. *I* thinke you know him; Maſter Doc

renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my he

liefe you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge

Page. Why?

Euan. Hee has no more knowledge in *H*

Galen, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardl